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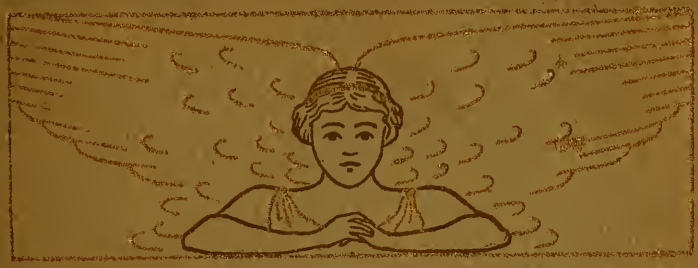

VOICES OF EARTH AND HEAVEN

H. B. BRADBURY

VOICES OF EARTH AND HEAVEN

By
HARRIET B. BRADBURY

New York
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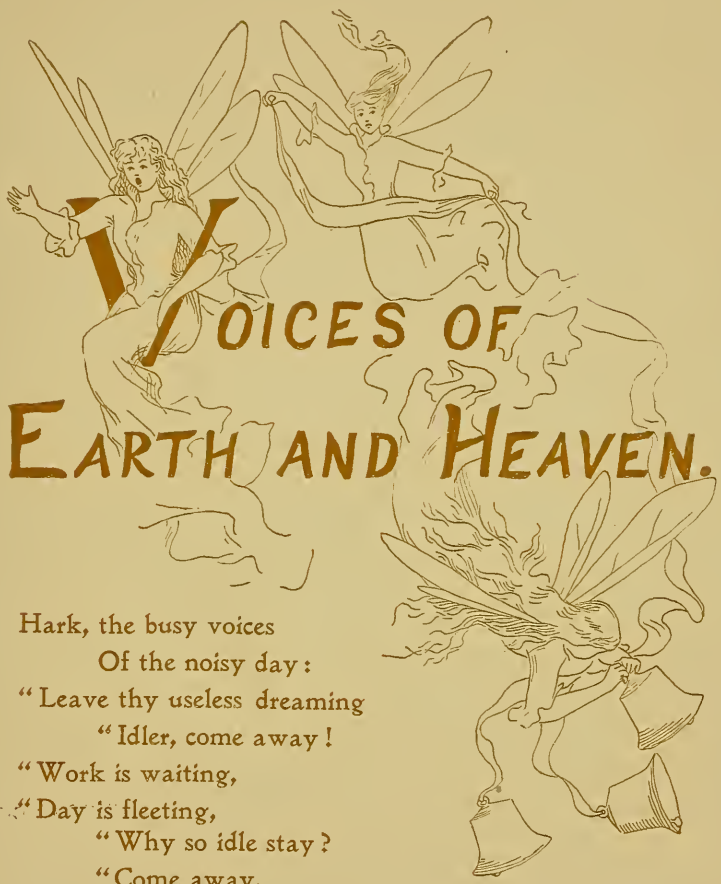


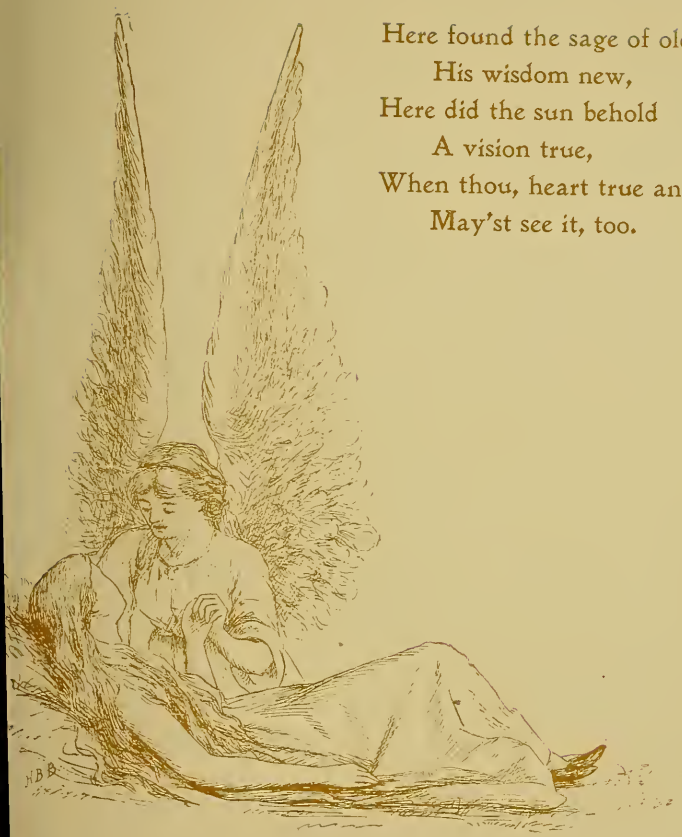
VOICES OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Hark, the busy voices
Of the noisy day:
"Leave thy useless dreaming
"Idler, come away!
"Work is waiting,
"Day is fleeting,
"Why so idle stay?
"Come away,

"Fill the time with toil as doth the bee;
"Gather honey,
"Lay up money,
"Lest a day of want shall come to thee."
Other voices cry; "Nay, nay, oh nay!
"Life is not for toil, but all for play.
"Youth is fleeting,
"Death is waiting,
"All alike their debt to him must pay.
"Then fill the time with jollity,
"Waste no moment rare,
"Not an hour to spare,
"Live and love and feast and sing and play."
"Nay," cry other voices, "Not for this
"Should be thy labor.
"Pipe and tabor,
"Song and merry dance put thou away.
"They are evil.
"'Tis the devil
"Thus would blind thy soul that he may slay.
"Study then and pray."
"Selfish care," cries out another voice;

"Toil for others,
"Toil for others
"Should fill the time, and bring thee nobler joys.
"Give not thy heart a moment to repine,
"But with the wine
"Of ceaseless effort drug thy restless soul,
"'Twill make thee whole."
Then all these varying voices blend
And float into my solitude,
As myriad summer insects lend
Their separate chimes in music good,
That fills the fields and wood.
From far I listen, as we hear
At night a city's distant hum,
With mingled sounds of joy and fear,
And toil, and pain, an endless sum,
In one vague murmur come.
'Tis good to flee a little while
From all the hurrying din,
To let sweet solitude beguile
Thy thoughts from toil and sin,
And dearest Nature on thee smile,
Thy love to win.

My soul lies tranquil as a mountain lake
Beneath a tranquil sky;
Sweet thoughts go floating by,
And heavenly images my heart may take,
To cheer me bye-and-bye.
Then call me not, oh voices of the day!
To labor or to play,
To sing or pray.
Here as I rest I hear a voice more sweet,
That bids me stay.
A still, small voice, in silence of the soul,
Whose faintest whisper thrills and takes control
Of heart and pulse and life to rule the whole.
Would'st hear that voice?
Then lay aside thy feverish haste awhile,
And fold thy hands and listen. 'Twill beguile
To sweet forgetfulness of earth's mad noise.
Here shalt thou find
Youth's lost ideals pure;
Here heart and mind,
With certainty made sure,
Shall find a nobler faith in God and truer.



Here found the sage of old
His wisdom new,
Here did the sun behold
A vision true,
When thou, heart true and bold,
May'st see it, too.

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